

The Scottish Fetish

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The Scottish Fetish

Vidal D'costa

*Dcosta
Vasco*

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Dedications

VIDAL D'COSTA

To my friends, my favorite authors and most importantly to David Tennant and Jenna Coleman, my muses.

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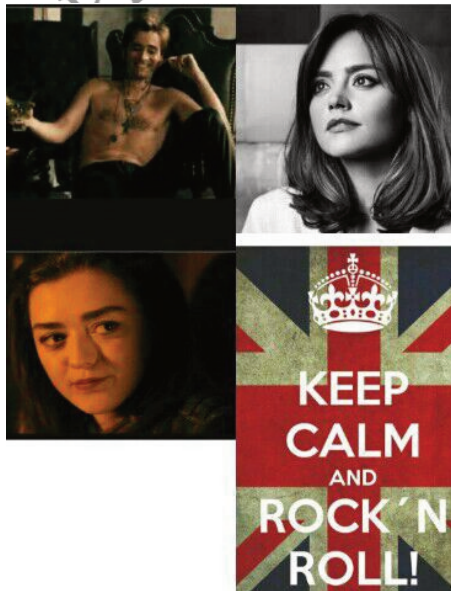
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Cast members



David Tennant as Luke *Scottish Fetish* McDonald

Maisie Williams as Ina Parker

Helena Bonham Carter as Mrs. Parker

Rhys Ifans as Troy

Jenna Coleman as Sylvia Fletcher

Tom Felton as Thomas Fletcher AKA Tommy the twat

James May as Mick

Jason Isaacs as Mr. Fletcher

Timothy Spall as Uncle Jack

Cameron Monaghan as Robert Smith AKA Bob the competitive cockroach.

Chapter 1

“Oi! Where d’you think yer goin?!” Ina’s mum called out to her hurrying daughter, turning away from the smoking skillet on which she was busily scrambling eggs. “Work. Unlike **Troy**, I’m not unemployed, mum.” she replied, shooting a glare at her mum’s new boyfriend, who’d made himself comfy at the breakfast table. “What? Without breakfast? ” he asked, feigning concern once he’d finished licking his plate clean of bacon grease. “Yup. I’ve had my share of mum’s burnt eggs, thank you very much!” she retorted, adjusting the worn out leather handbag (which had belonged to her late beloved dad) that held her notepad, before hurrying out, eliciting a glare from her mum. “I think yer brother’s a bad influence on her.” she heard the loathsome Troy exclaim behind her back, obviously with his mouth full of a second helping of eggs. She

paid no attention to his comments, quickly hopping onto her bicycle and pedalling to her workplace- her uncle Jack's spacious apartment cum the makeshift headquarters of the local rock magazine- *The Rolling Jack*.

"Yer assignment for the day, m'lady." he whispered, tilting the brim of his hat affectionately before handing her a glossy poster of a leather clad rock star with ruffly hair and eyes lined with jet black eye make up. He watched as his niece's face lit up on seeing the poster. "Born in the small town of Kirkcudbright in 1970, rocking out since the 90's, **massive** fan following, pissed on the Wallace Monument in an inebriated state, earned the moniker *Kilted Klepto* when he attempted to shoplift prescription drugs in a kilt, even served time for it..." the knowledgeable rock journo rambled on, as she was tasked with the assignment of interviewing the *Scottish Fetish*. "Spoken like a true fan girl! " her uncle/boss, Jack teased. "Uncle, I can't thank you enough! I've been waiting for a long time to meet him! You've no idea how...How long I've idolized this man....nay, this legend..." she began to stammer, excitedly. "I know, kiddo. I've set up a meeting with his manager, Mick. He's a kind soul, that man." her uncle explained. "Of course, he's a kind soul. He's the **bloody Scottish Fetish**, for cryin out loud! " she interrupted. "I meant, **Mick** is a kind soul. Yer *Scottish Fetish* on the other hand, he's not so welcoming. In fact,

he's a hot mess an' Mick's the glue that's keepin im from falling apart completely." he revealed, before handing her Mick's visiting card. "Now, chop-chop, off ya go! An' be a dear an' try not to pick up any o' his filthy language while yer there, kay? Or yer mum'll have my head, eh? " he requested, before sending the jittery young girl off.

Chapter 2

“Right, then. C’mon in.” the harrowed, middle-aged man with long, messy greying hair named Michael Crowe AKA Mick welcomed her at the door of the large tour bus. She got out her notepad, as they entered the bus, lit only by sunlight streaming in through its windows and stinking of cigarettes and alcohol. **“Mick?! Oi, ya ol crow! Where are ya?! ”** a voice called out, from a dimly lit corner of the bus. She put on her glasses to get a clearer view of her dirty, crummy surroundings. She’d just got them the week before and absolutely loathed wearing them as they messed with the posh attitude that she put on. She preferred to rather walk/cycle into walls (like she’d done numerous times before). They finally found him surrounded by a flock of pretty groupies. “He’s choosing groupies.” Mick whispered to a curious Ina as they watched him

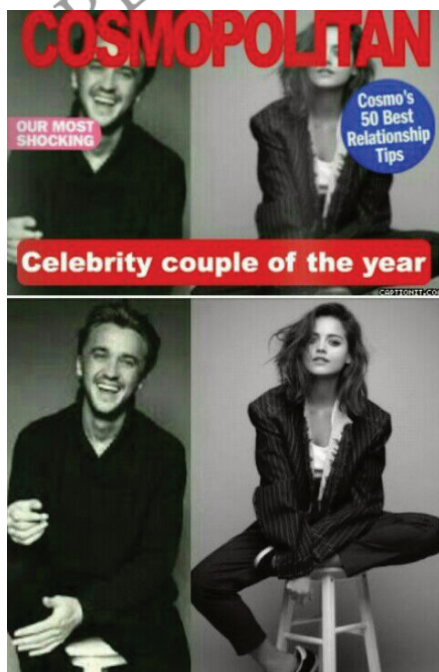
slump into his expensive looking leather throne chair and watched as his choosing eyes wandered from one anxious girl to the next. His eyes rested on Ina who fidgeted about with her glasses. She was taken aback as he exclaimed- “Ya there, *bespectacled groupie*, c’mere! The rest o’ ya girls, **piss off!**” She watched as the grumbling groupies pushed past her rudely on the way out. “H...Hey!” she stuttered, her eyes trailing from his leather pants to his bare chest as the handsome man stood up from his chair and approached her. “Ya get to live out yer wildest fantasies, lass.” he whispered charmingly, running a finger across a starstruck Ina’s lips. “Ya know, that sounds great...” she whispered dreamily, shuddering at his touch and succumbing to his charm. “**Ahem!** She’s not a groupie, sir. In fact, she’s a rock journo. Ere to interview ya.” Mick interrupted. The rock star staggered back, to her disappointment. “**Yer** a journalist?!” he asked, surprisingly amused by the revelation. She nodded. “**Her?** Seriously? What’s the interview for? *Storytime magazine*? Look at er, she’s **far** too young, Mick. Looks amateur to me. ” he mocked, bursting into insulting laughter. “That didn’t stop ya from almost shaggin er.” Mick muttered, remindingly. “Oi, I heard that! Relax, lass, I’m **definitely** not a paedophile! Mick’s just famed for taking cheap shots at me.” the offended rock star defended himself and assured Ina, before shooing Mick away unsuccessfully.

"Well, I'm just starting out at *The Rolling Jack* magazine." she decided to change the subject and introduce herself properly, handing him one of her uncle's home printed visiting cards. "Oh, dear Lord! **Oh...Wow! That's** a real magazine, eh? " he exclaimed, suppressing his laughter and widening his eyes at the sight of the genuine visiting card that she'd procured as proof. He finally agreed to do an interview, on Mick's insistence.

"Alright, then! Let's get started. Pity yer not a groupie though. The fun we'd have...." he muttered, saucily. She felt tingly (and also a bit uncomfortable) as he stared at her from behind the bar onboard his bus, before taking a swig from his bottle of vodka. "Care for a Harvey Wallbanger? I like to think I concocted this delicious drink! " he boasted with a grin, emptying the rest of the contents of the bottle into a highball glass filled with orange juice and ice, before swaggering towards her with the concoction and handing it to her. "I'll pass." she declined politely, averting her eyes from his bare chest which was so close to her face that she felt her cheeks turn beet red. "Why? Still not o' drinkin age? " he asked, mockingly. "No! " the new adult replied, feeling insulted. "In fact, I'm eighteen...An' a half! " she continued proudly, before snatching the drink from him and taking a sip. The first time drinker sputtered and scrunched up her face in disgust at the taste of alcohol. "Well, try not to vomit...or pass out, for that matter."

he muttered, rolling his eyes at her inability to hold her drink, before proceeding to take a large sip from his drink.

Chapter 3



“Didn’t peg ya for a Cosmo reader.” she exclaimed

halfway through the interview, noticing the magazine lying on the floor next to the pile of David Bowie and Queen albums. He grunted in reply, picking at the strings of his electric guitar. "Wow! They make a cute couple, eh? She's lucky to be married to such a handsome bloke! An' he's a billionaire too!" she exclaimed in awe and jealousy, picking it up to examine the cover photo of the *Celebrity couple of the year 2008*- Thomas and Sylvia Fletcher. "Oi! Quit touching my stuff!" he snapped all of a sudden, putting aside his guitar before snatching the magazine from her hand and tossing it away. "S...sorry." she stuttered apologetically, taken aback by his outburst. "Now, are ya done with yer interview? Jotted down the names o' all the monuments I pissed on, about the booze-up I had with Bon Jovi?" he asked, impatiently. "Yup. I've got a ton o' material. The fans are gonna eat this up!" she replied, proudly. "Good. Now, **get out!**" he ordered. "But...I've still got to ask ya how ya began yer musical journey? Who inspired ya? Ya must've had a muse." she began to ask. "**Bugger off!** Come back tomorrow or somethin. I've got far more important things to do. I'm meetin someone," he revealed, showing her the door. "Is it Bon Jovi?" she prodded further. He shot her an irate look. "Alright, alright...I'm leavin. No need to shoot daggers at me!" she muttered, leaving with a frown. He shut the door behind her, before proceeding to pick up the fallen magazine.

“Why’d ya have to go an’ marry im, Sylvie? ” the sorrowful rock star whispered, sighing as he ran a finger over gorgeous Sylvia Fletcher’s glossy photo. “She left early, didn’t she? ” he heard Mick’s enquiring voice behind him. “Who? ” he asked, absent-mindedly. “The journalist. I heard ya snap. What’d she do? ” Mick asked. “She started askin me personal questions.” he replied. “An’ ya withdrew into yer shell again, did ya? ” Mick guessed. “Speakin o’ shells, we’ve got leftover taco shells in the freezer. Any beans left o’er? ” he tried to change the subject. “You’ve gotta talk to someone about this.” his concerned manager suggested. “I don’t need help. I’m not a loon, ya crow. Now, if you’ll excuse me...I need a smoke.” he excused himself through gritted teeth, letting the magazine drop to the floor before reaching into his back pocket to pull out a pack of cigarettes. “Not sayin ya are a loon...or barmy or completely mental, for that matter...” Mick began to explain, but instead ended up hurling insults at him. “Where’re ya goin with this, crow?” the impatient rock star interrupted, lighting the cigarette in his mouth. “Just that, yer still heartbroken an’ not o’er er yet.” he finally came to the point. “If yer not gonna have a smoke with me, ya can **bugger off!** ” came the order from the agitated rock star. Mick sighed, shaking his head in exasperation as he exited the bus, leaving behind the lonely rock star who slumped back onto his

throne chair and turned his attention back to his beloved guitar, smoking and strumming away.

Chapter 4

Later that evening, at the Fletchers' posh apartment:

Thomas Fletcher admired his reflection in the mirror as he prepared to leave for another one of his important conferences. "Ya know, this suit is really befitting for the man you've become." Sylvia whispered broodingly, as she stood behind him, brushing a speck of dust off the shoulder of his blue blazer and adjusting the collar of his white shirt. She'd picked the suit for him as a birthday gift. Of course, he'd been out of town on his special day and she'd gifted it to him three days later. "What a weird thing to say." he muttered, deciding to ignore her compliment. "Ya know what? I think the gray blazer'll suit me better." he finally declared, scrunching up his face as he took off the blue blazer, without giving it a second thought....or considering his wife's reaction.

“Ya mean, the gray one which yer secretary Rita got ya?! I can’t believe...” she began to protest, glaring at him. “Oh! Don’t start now! It’s my choice....An’ I’m really late for my meeting, kay?! ” he snapped, before pulling the gray blazer out from the closet and hurriedly putting it on. She began to open her mouth to give him a piece of her mind, but he’d already left. A tearful Sylvia tossed the blue blazer aside in frustration, before slumping on the sill of the window overlooking the park. The bus was still parked there. She heaved a sigh of relief on seeing it and stood up. She made her way to the mirror and hurriedly applied a fresh coat of make up and put on her stilettos. She waved off security, lying to the bodyguards that she was going out for air and decided to head for the tour bus.

Chapter 5

He'd put on his favorite *Led Zeppelin* tee now and was dusting off his rock albums and listening to Hendrix like he did every evening, when he heard voices outside the bus. "Hey, Mick! I need to see im. Is he in?" he smiled on hearing her ask. "Oh....**y**er back again, eh? Yea, he's in. Ya know, ya really need to see someone else about whatever's up with yer marriage...like a counselor." he frowned on hearing his nosy manager reply. "**Who said anything was wrong with my marriage?!**" she snapped. "**Oi!** Don't mind im. C'mon in!" he invited her, pushing the door open and shooting daggers at Mick. "Luke, it's so good to see ya again!" she exclaimed, stepping in as he closed the door behind them. "We've got till midnight. He'll be out late tonight too." she whispered seductively, wrapping her arms around the rock star. She didn't waste time, pressing

against him as they kissed passionately. He caressed her hair with one hand and unzipped her designer dress with the other, while she pulled off his tee and tossed it on the floor. They continued to make out as they made their way into his bedroom aboard the bus, slamming the door behind them.

Chapter 6

Be home in 10. Hope dinner's ready. Am famished! – The text from her husband read. She slipped out of the asleep rock star's cuddlesome embrace. He stirred, but didn't wake up. She scurried about for her clothes, putting them on hurriedly and almost tripping on her stilettos as she hurried back to her apartment, hoping not to be noticed by her bodyguards who tended to grow suspicious whenever she returned home late.

He woke up, rolling over to the empty space beside him, frowning as he noticed her absence. “**Morning!**” a blaring, female voice greeted, taking him by surprise. The drowsy rock star turned around, tangling in the sheets as he did, caught unaware as fangirl Ina clicked a pic on her phone! “That’s a keeper!” he rolled his eyes on hearing her mutter, watching as a grin spread across

the bright-eyed girl's face as she stared at the phone screen "Aww...geez! Who let er in?! " he grumbled, staring accusingly at Mick who stood behind her at the doorway. "Sorry. She barged in." he apologized. "My mind might be fuzzy from all the drugs I take....but, remind me....isn't that why yer ere? To keep maniacs like er from barging in?! " he asked Mick, sarcastically. The offended manager left the room, mumbling cusses under his breath. "Oi! Don't be hard on poor Mickey! " she scolded. "Why're ya ere, anyway?" he asked, grumpily. "Ya asked me to *come back tomorrow or somethin*, remember? " she reminded, attempting to mimic the devil-may-care tone in his voice. "So...shall we begin the interview? " she asked purringly, pulling out her notepad as she settled onto the bed, quite close to him. "Ya do realize...I'm not fully clothed right now...Right? " the uncomfortable rock star asked, covering himself up with the sheets. "Yup! I've got a pretty good pic o' ya to remind me! " she replied cheekily, waving the phone in front of his face. "**Gimme that!** " he cried out angrily, snatching away the phone, before tossing it aside. The flimsy, cheap-looking phone broke into two halves as it hit the wall. "**Oops!** " he muttered, mockingly. Mick, who'd just brought his *coffee* (which was really a mixture of instant coffee and bourbon, his usual morning drink) tsk-tsked at the doorway on seeing the remains of the phone. "I never caught yer name." the *Scottish Fetish* asked. "Ina

Parker.” she replied with a wide grin, surprisingly not bothered by the loss of the phone. “Right...Ina. Do me a favor, wontcha, Ina? **Get out!** ” he ordered, growlingly. “Not really a morning person, is he? ” the unfazed girl whispered to Mick who led her out.

Chapter 7

“I’ll be sure to compensate ya for yer phone, young lady.” an apologetic Mick offered. “Don’t bother! It wasn’t mine anyway. I don’t have one. I borrowed it from Troy.” the carefree girl revealed, hopping off the bus. “Right... Well, whoever this Troy is, I’ll compensate im as well.” Mick offered kindly, following her off the bus. “Troy’s this unemployed jerk who prides imself on being my step dad....though he’s only my mum’s latest boyfriend....An’ I’m absolutely sure that he’s not intent on marrying er.” she rambled on, as Mick listened intently. “Hope I don’t have to wait long. It’s hot out ere! ” she exclaimed, deciding to change the topic as she bravely leant against the side of the heated bus and fanned herself with the notepad. “I’ll call im.” Mick declared, hurrying back inside to wake him up. “Next time, try not to knock o’er the shelf housin yer

precious vinyl collection during yer shenanigans with Mrs. Fletcher, please. Me back's sore just from liftin the heavy thing! ” Mick complained, handing the bare chested rock star a shirt as he lazily rolled out of bed . “What a coincidence! My back's sore too.....cuz o' an entirely different reason though! ” he joked with a saucy grin, putting on the shirt but not bothering to button up. “What? It's hot out ere! ” he defended his choice, as the blushing journalist couldn't help staring at his bare chest as he stepped out of the bus. *Hullo, Mr. Sex-on-a-stick!* she thought to herself and giggled at her own little nickname for him. “Sweltering Scottish summer! ” he muttered, shielding his eyes against the blinding sunlight. “**Ooh!** That sounds like a brilliant name for my next heavy metal album, eh, Mick? Write that down, wontcha? ” he exclaimed, grinning proudly as if he'd discovered something great! “I love *spending time indoors* during hot days like these....if ya know what I mean! ” he continued, before winking saucily. “D'you ever tire o' double entendres? ” Mick asked, rolling his eyes at him. “I dunno...D'you ever tire o' **me?** ” the cheeky rock star enquired jokingly, letting out a childlike laugh, as he elicited another eye-roll from his uncomfortable manager who didn't seem amused by all his saucy talk.

Chapter 8

“So, what’d ya wanna know?” he asked, inviting her in.

“I...uh...actually, yer fans would like to know about yer personal life.” she replied. “My fans, eh? Ya really think ya can coax out my life story by lying?” he scoffed.

“Fine! I’d like to know yer life story, kay?! About yer life before ya hit it big. About the sacrifices ya had to make. Why d’you insist on keeping it such a secret, anyway? Even if it’s a dark past....I mean, our readers love that stuff an’ yer fans are gonna lap this up, ya know?” she prodded. **“Stay the bloody Hell outta my personal life!”** he snapped, taking her aback. An awkward silence followed. “I...I’m sorry. It’s just, my uncle’s under a great deal o’ stress. The magazine isn’t doin well, he’s facin competition from all those big tabloids with their juicy stories an’ stuff, ya know? It’s my job to pry....But, I didn’t mean to upset ya.” she

apologized. "It's ok. I'm just not comfortable with talkin about my past, about the sacrifices I had to make, about the people whose hearts I broke cuz o' these sacrifices...." he opened up, stopping only on realizing he'd said too much. "Just ask me **anything** else, kay?" he pleaded, choking back tears. "I'm afraid yer interview's gonna have to wait. He's busy all day, autograph signings an' whatnot. " Mick interrupted, showing her the door. "But, I..." she protested, in vain, as the overprotective manager slammed the door in her face. She walked back to her workplace dejectedly. "What was that, eh, crow? Ya know I'm free all day. The autograph signings are in the evening. I think yer gettin too ol for this job, Mick! " he corrected, sounding like a smart aleck and surprised by his manager's behavior towards the young journalist. "Sorry, I had to turn er away. But, we can't have er around, askin ya all these personal questions, opening up ol wounds....not during The Highlands Tour anyway. This is yer comeback tour an' we can't have anythin or anyone ruin that. I remember the last time some nosy reporter tried to force ya to open up an' ya lost it during the American Tour. Ya broke his nose an' were still so rattled that ya had a nervous breakdown onstage. Can't have a repeat o' that. I know ya still feel bad about leaving er behind, breaking off yer engagement just to pursue stardom, but you've gotta move on, mate. Like she did. That was 10 years ago." a concerned Mick suggested . " Just leave

me alone, crow....or you'll pay with yer nose" the scowling rock star muttered through clenched teeth, taking a swig of his *coffee*, before threateningly readying his fist to swing at Mick, but fortunately changing his mind and unclenching it later. "An' for yer information, I don't feel bad about leaving er behind. I feel **horrible!**" he confessed in a guilty tone, still through clenched teeth, before waving Mick away, so he could be by himself and drown his sorrows in booze. Mick knew about his *coping technique*, but he was helpless against it and so he thought it best to leave him to it. Drinking himself to sleep and feeling sorry for himself was the only *coping technique* that the troubled rock star felt comfortable with. Mick returned later that evening to find the drunk rock star still fast asleep, face down and drooling over the bedspread. He tsk-tsked as he picked up the photos of him and Sylvia during happier times which were strewn all over the floor of his bedroom and placed them back into the photo album, before placing it back in its hiding place behind the heap of *Eagles* albums on the record shelf. With an exasperated sigh, he quickly collected the empty liquor bottles and dropped them into the bin under the kitchen sink, before proceeding to the blender to concoct a hangover cure for the hungover rock star. Once he was done, he decided to shake him awake, so they wouldn't be late for the autograph signings that night.

Chapter 9

“Really, lass, yer gonna gimme a heart attack, I swear! Yer s’possed to be bringin in the hot news....diggin up his secrets. I mean, look at the stuff that’s bein printed in the tabloids. It’s gold! An’ ya know where ya find such gold? Yer s’possed to dig deep, yer s’possed to take risks an’ yer s’possed to rummage through and air that dirty laundry, ya hear?! All ya bring in is all this ol news!” her disappointed uncle reprimanded her, tossing her notepad frustratingly on the desk. “Uncle, what d’you expect me to do? He’s really uncomfortable about discussing his past.” she replied, calmly placing her treasured notepad back in her bag. “Follow im around. Annoy im into submission. Why’re ya even still ere?” he asked, impatiently. “What d’you mean? Where should I be?” a clueless Ina asked. “At his autograph signings, of course! I thought ya were a **bloody** fangirl!

You've gotta start takin this job seriously, lass! ” he scolded. “Right, yes. I almost forgot about that! ” she exclaimed nervously, embarrassed as she'd forgotten such an *important* event. “Well, go on then! Before Bob o'er there beats ya to it!” he ordered. “No! Not that competitive cockroach! ” she cried out dramatically, realizing that her rival Robert Smith had already made it to the elevator with his notepad and was flashing her a wicked grin.

Meanwhile at the autograph signings at a bustling amphitheatre:

His face lit up on seeing her beautiful face among the crowd of crazy fans. He left halfway through the event, paying no attention to Mick's frustrated cries. “I'm so happy to see ya! Ya won't believe the amount o' flashers ere! My arms are weary just from signing chests! ” he complained, taking her in his arms and twirling her around romantically, far from prying eyes in a quiet corner of the venue. “Not too weary, I hope! ” she whispered, smiling seductively as she wrapped her arms around his neck. “Ooh...ya naughty girl! ” he teased, before he began to suck on her neck. She moaned with pleasure at the feel of his soft lips. “Not ere.” she exclaimed, snapping back to reality on noticing the presence of paparazzi. “Yer right. I know just the place. *Allonsy*, m'lady! ” he exclaimed, pulling her outside. “I'm surprised ya still remember that one

French word I taught ya back in high school! ” an impressed Sylvia exclaimed, as the couple hired a cab, deciding to check into a hotel for some privacy.

Chapter 10

"I'm here! Oh...no...Am I late?!" she exclaimed, skidding to a stop, glad that Bob hadn't shown up yet, but also dejected by the half empty look of the venue.

"No, yer not. He left abruptly. I had a hard time keeping his frenzied fans under control. It's all er fault." Mick complained, moving past the empty stage, stepping over crushed beer cans and strewn placards proclaiming their love for the rock legend as he headed for the exit.

"Whose fault?" a confused Ina asked, following behind.

"He drops everythin when she comes along, with her gorgeous face an' her sweet talk. He's still head o'er heels in love with er." he continued to mutter. "With whom, Mick?!" she asked, desperate for a story. "That's it! I'm done covering for im and handling his unruly fans!" he declared. "Could ya just tell me what's the matter already?!" she cried out, impatiently. "He's

sleepin with Sylvia Fletcher! ” he let the cat out of the bag. “**The** Sylvia Fletcher?! ” she asked, shocked by the revelation of the extramarital affair. “Is there any other? Anyway, I quit.” the fed up manager replied, tossing away his ID badge. “Wait! Where’re ya goin?! I need more information! ” she pleaded, as he walked out of the venue. “Why dontcha ask im yerself? I heard em ask the cab driver to drive em to the Silverado hotel.” he revealed, before vanishing into the darkness.

Chapter II

She arrived at the cheap, dingy hotel which looked like it'd been built especially for rich men and their mistresses! Fortunately, the uninterested looking chap at the reservation desk had dozed off. She quickly scanned the log book. "Gotcha! Mr. and Mrs. Luke McDonald!" she exclaimed as her gaze rested on the name of the couple who'd checked in last, reading out the name they'd used to check in and remembering it to be his birth name. She knocked on the door of room 420, hoping to get enough meaty material to put the tabloids outta business. "Must be room service." she heard him make a guess. "**Smoldering!**" a blushing Ina exclaimed, as the sweaty rock star's bare chest greeted her, as he appeared at the doorway in only a towel. "What're ya doin ere?! Are ya followin me?!" the panting rock star asked, taken aback by her presence.

“So, what’s goin on between ya an’ Mrs. Fletcher?” she asked. She squealed as he painfully squeezed her cheeks and pinned her against the wall in reply. A speechless Ina widened her eyes, staring at him frightfully. “Now, I dunno how ya found out....but, you’d better scram before I call the coppers on ya!” he threatened, baring his teeth at her. “Luke, who is it?” Sylvia asked, appearing at the doorway on hearing the commotion, clad in a bath robe. “**Oh, my god!** Yer gonna kill the poor girl! What’re ya doin?!” she cried out in horror, her bath robe flapping behind her, as she rushed towards them and pulled the furious rock star off Ina, who’d turned pale with fright. “Who is she?” she asked him, staring at Ina who was leaning against the torn wallpaper to catch her breath. “**A bloody rock journalist!** She was just gonna leave.....An’ she’ll keep er trap shut about us, won’t she?” he replied, before shooting her a threatening glare that meant she was not to let anyone know about his secret rendezvous with Mrs. Fletcher. “I’ve so many questions to ask. Since when has this been goin on? Does Mr. Fletcher know? Silly o’ me to ask. Of course, he doesn’t, obviously!” a stubborn Ina rambled on, clutching onto her notepad. In response, a quiet Sylvia decided to invite her in. Luke seemed reluctant, but finally agreed on noticing that the other guests had gathered in the hallway on hearing the commotion. “An’ it should remain that way, kay?” Sylvia interrupted their questioning guest, pulling her

inside and slamming the door behind them. “But....” Ina began, feeling the dirty laundry slip outta reach as it began to withdraw into the *drawer of sexual secrets* from whence it’d come! “We’re doomed! She’s a snitch. They all are!” he paced the room, biting on his nails as he cursed the media. “Please try to understand. If Tom finds out, the consequences could be disastrous. He’ll probably send his murderous goons after us!” she pleaded. “**What?!** Murderous goons?! How come ya never mentioned **those** before?! ” he gasped, taken aback by her revelation. “That sounds bad....” Ina whispered, frightfully. “Of course, it’s bad, ya idiotic girl! **Aww, geez!** I can’t believe I’m beggin...But, I beg o’ ya not to print this in yer soddin magazine!” a nervous Luke requested, feigning politeness in order to persuade her (though his gruff voice slipped out of the polite voice that he’d put on!) “Fine!” she finally promised, defeated by her crush’s pleading puppy eyes. “I could’ve become *Journalist o’ the year*...But, not at the cost o’ havin yer blood on my hands!” she confessed, dejectedly. “A rather dark girl, isn’t she?” Sylvia whispered to him, spooked out by Ina’s dark comment. “Really? I think she’s rather charming!” he remarked sarcastically, before turning his attention back to the journalist, moving menacingly towards her. She took a step back in fright. “I’m countin on ya to keep this a secret. Now, **piss off!** ” the sneering rock star growled in his signature style, before unlocking the door and

pushing her out into the hallway, slamming the door behind her. “Ya owe me, ya know?! ” she retorted, before leaving the dingy hotel with her blank notepad.

Chapter 12

“Well done, my boy! We’ve already sold more copies than that bloody tabloid, *The Scottish Mirror*.” a beaming Jack exclaimed, proudly patting his new favorite, Bob, on the back. Everyone applauded at that. Everyone, except a jealous Ina who fumed! “An’ ya madam? What’ve ya got for us today, lass? Oh! I see....Empty handed again! ” uncle Jack rebuked his niece, while Bob put on a wicked grin. “Bob’s struck gold with this story about this mysterious woman in *The Scottish Fetish’s* life.” Uncle Jack praised. “Ya mean, a mysterious **groupie**? ” Ina corrected, trying to keep his secret under wraps. “According to his manager, who by the way quit last night, she’s someone from his past, an old lover. He wouldn’t say who though...even after all my prodding! ” a braggy Bob explained. ” Apparently, they were seen canoodling...in public!

Though, no-one caught a glimpse o' this mysterious woman's face. Bob, I want ya to find out who she is. "uncle Jack greedily demanded for more fodder for his beloved magazine. "I'll do it, uncle! Gimme a chance to redeem myself an' yer magazine....**please!** I promise I'll find out **everything** about er." she pleaded, afraid about losing her job and also about her rival finding out about the respected Mrs. Fletcher's affair with a shameless rock star and then revealing it to the world. She pleaded with those famed puppy eyes that she knew her dear uncle found hard to resist! "Fine. An' how d'you intend on doin that, eh? " her defeated uncle asked, finally agreeing. "Simple. He'll be goin off on tour soon. I'll just go with im as someone who he confides in the most." she explained her plan. "Who? " a confused uncle Jack asked. "As his manager, of course! I just need a fake badge an' someone to talk my mum into lettin me go! " his smart niece replied. "Uhm....Makin a fake badge is child's play. It's talkin to yer mum that scares me! Ere's hopin she doesn't bite me head off! " he gulped. She flashed a wicked grin of her own at Bob, who'd already begun to think of doing a lil investigation on his own.

Chapter 13

She found him leaning against the doorway of the bus, checking his phone. For once, he was wearing clothes (An unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt over a David Bowie print tee and ripped jeans) in her presence. *Wow! He's got quite a fashion sense!* she thought to herself with an amused grin, watching as the frowny faced rock star's eyes scanned the phone screen. "What're ya doin ere?" he asked, finally noticing her. "Nice to see ya too. I'm yer new manager." a chirpy Ina replied, with a big smile to turn his frown upside down. "How'd ya know I need a new manager?" he asked, raising an eyebrow at her. "Well, Mick sorta told me last night that he was done for good!" she replied, truthfully. "Well, that's **bloody** brilliant! He goes ahead an' tells a complete stranger about his decision before me! That bastard didn't even bother to check with me about it.

He just up an' left. Sent me a text this mornin. Says he's gonna be managin some boy band that's just won *X-Factor* or somethin! ” he muttered, hiding his sorrow over losing Mick under a mask of anger. “Ya don't have to worry. I may not have much experience managin, but I'm quick on my feet. Ya can rely on me! ” she assured, pitying him and hoping he'd let her be his new manager. Finally, after a lotta thought (and after she flashed him her realistic looking badge), he agreed. “Ya do have a license though, right? Yer s'possed to drive me around too.” he revealed. “I just got it last week. Though, I never knew one o' the job requirements o' a manager included drivin the tour bus.” she exclaimed. “Well, it isn't a job requirement. Mick drove since I don't have a bus driver! ” he revealed, before inviting her into the bus. “Why dontcha have a bus driver? ” she asked, curiously. “He quit...too.” he replied, before calmly pouring himself a drink. “May I ask why? ” she continued to enquire. “I ticked im off.” he replied, before embarking on a quest for ice cubes. “What'd ya do? ” she asked. “Slept with one o' the groupies.” he recounted boastfully, while raiding the mini fridge . “So? ” a confused Ina asked. “She turned out to be his wife! How was I s'possed to know, eh?!” he defended his actions shamelessly, as he tossed a couple of ice cubes into his scotch. “Ya continue to astound me! Ya know, Mick told me ya were head o'er heels in love with Mrs. Fletcher. But, how am I s'possed to believe that,

when yer shaggin all these groupies in er absence? ” she condemned his actions. “Lemme tell ya a secret, lass. I **fool around** with the groupies, mostly upper body stuff, ya know? The lower body stuff, the whole package...that’s reserved for Sylvie, the love o’ my life, an’ probably the only woman I’ll **make love** to.” he defended his actions, while coming up with a *sound* way to explain the difference between how he treated his groupies and Mrs. Fletcher. There was awkward silence for a while, as Ina tried to digest his explanation. “I dunno how ya did it, but ya managed to charm and disgust me at the same time! ” a disgusted Ina finally spoke up, while he flashed her a devilish grin.

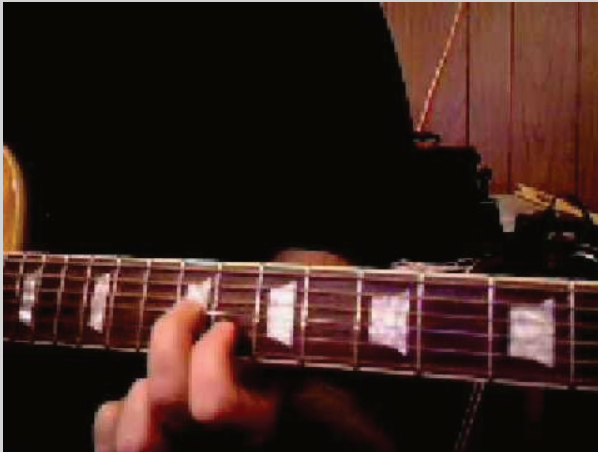
Chapter 14

“As yer first task as manager, ya can make me a cup o’ coffee.” he ordered. Already having been briefed about the ingredients that went into his special coffee, she grabbed a bottle of vodka off the bar and hurried into the kitchen. When she returned, she noticed him engrossed in reading the front page of a tabloid. She set the cup on the table beside him. “Ya can dust off those Grammys if yer done. ” he ordered, gesturing at the shelf, before turning his attention back to the tabloid. She began to move towards the shelf behind him, stealing a glance over his shoulder at the front page which read- *A winter wonderland for Mrs. Fletcher*. She opened the curtains slowly to let in some light and couldn’t help staring out at the Fletchers’ place across the street with its white snow covered lawns and equally snowy roof. The artificial snow had

started to melt away, but the snow machines atop the roof were doing their job- showering everything with snowflakes. Mr. Fletcher had boasted to reporters about creating this makeshift winter wonderland overnight after his beloved wife complained about the heat. "Could ya shut those curtains please? I can't stand that snowy eyesore! " she heard the grumpy rock star complain. "It's a symbol o' love. I think it's sweet." Ina, who'd been in awe of the rich romantic's gesture, replied, refusing to shut the curtains. "**Hogwash!** He's just doin ~~that~~ for publicity! A real romantic would take his wife off to Switzerland...probably romance her atop those snow-capped mountains....brush off the snowflakes off her hair.....cover her with a jacket if she got too cold an' carry er inside an' maybe make love in the glow of the fireplace o' their lil log cabin at the foot o' the Swiss alps...." he began to ramble like a true romantic, getting lost in his own poetic words an' not realizing that his *coffee* was gettin cold. She listened in awe. "...Ya know....**not this! This** artificial snow....it's not what a woman like er deserves." he muttered, before lighting a cigarette. "**Oh...my...God! I knew it!** " she exclaimed with a grin, as if she'd uncovered a great secret. "Knew what? " he asked, his voice muffled by the lit cigarette in his mouth and his eyebrow raised at her in confusion. "Ya have history with er, dontcha? With Mrs. Fletcher? I've seen the way ya looked at er at the hotel. Not in that lustful manner that ya usually

reserve for yer groupies....But a lovestruck look, like ya were pinin for er or somethin, ya know? ” she deduced. “I’m right...aren’t I? Ya were lovers, weren’t ya? Could I just bum a cig? I feel like I deserve it.” she asked, beaming with pride, before she reached out for his pack of cigarettes. “**Oi!** Hands off! Yer uncle squeezed his fat arse in ere yesterday. Warned me I’d better not let any o’ my vices rub off on ya or yer mum would have my neck!” he revealed, pushing her hand aside. “Withholdin information an’ ciggies? **Gosh!** Yer no fun at all! ” she complained ,with a frown. “Anyway...as part o’ my managerial duties, I’m s’posed to remind ya that yer s’posed to perform at a fundraiser tonight....so, I’ll see ya....an’ maybe we’ll talk about ya an’ Mrs. Fletcher? ” she finally decided, preparing to get out her notepad in case he changed his mind about opening up about his past. “Just close the curtains an’ leave.” he muttered, continuing to smoke.

Chapter 15



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She returned that evening to a smoky bus. Battling a coughing fit, she made her way to the couch where he was sprawled face down and high as a kite. Worryingly, she turned him on his back and helped him up. "What'd ya smoke?" she asked, as she sat next to the unsteady rock star. "Uhhh....I dunno! Just somethin I found under the couch. In my defense, I was searchin for Valium. Gives me a kick, ya know? " he confessed, before letting out a childish snicker. "Ohh...by the waaay...we're outta Valium. Mind runnin to the pharmacy an' buyin me some more? " he asked, before he rubbed his glassy eyes. "Without a prescription? " she reminded. "Who needs a prescription? " he scoffed. "C'mon. We've got a fundraiser to get to. We're already runnin late." she reminded, losing no time in getting behind the wheel. She had a hard time getting him outta the bus though, when they finally reached the venue- a huge mansion with a lawn thronged by champagne chugging, fancy dressed people. He stayed in the bus, sitting on his throne chair while playing the intro to *American Woman* on his guitar and humming to himself. "I don't like playin for the posh tossers. They don't appreciate my music." he complained. "Well, the moneybag who's throwin this party is a huge fan o' rock an' roll." she revealed. "Have ya never heard the sayin- All rich men lie?" he asked mockingly, before returning to his beloved guitar. "Ya just have to play for em. Maybe they'll even ditch their caviar an'

champagne an' hit the dance floor this time, eh? Ya never know! ” she insisted, trying to make him look at the possibility of a silver lining. “Rich men can't dance either....but I'll do it for the champagne! ” he finally agreed.

He stared around the empty dance floor. The guests were busy laughing haughtily as they sipped on Cristal, guffawed, complimented each other on their Gucci bags and Armani suits, but none of them paid any heed to him as he played ballads and his hit songs with a bored look on his face. The only reason he hadn't tossed aside his guitar and made a scene onstage was because of his young manager, who egged him on from the dance floor. “That was a great performance! I think it's time ya took a break though.” she finally decided, seeing as the uninterested guests were getting on his nerves. “I'll hit the bar then! ” he exclaimed, adjusting his guitar strap and losing no time in hurrying over to the bar. Sure enough, he was soon drunk as a Lord! She had a hard time finding him among the crowd once he'd gone missing from the bar. She finally found him, suspiciously hanging around the exotic fish aquarium. “What're ya doin? ” she asked, as he stared at the fishes with his bloodshot eyes. “Goin fishin! ” he replied, eliciting a confused glance from her. Before she could stop him, he'd dunked his head into the aquarium. He emerged with a crazy look on his face and soaking wet

hair, grinning wildly at the crowd while a fish flipped about between his bared teeth! “Oh my god! Ya bit into a live fish?! Bloody mental! This is crazier than the time Ozzy bit into a bat! ” she cried out, while the horrified guests looked on and began to mumble among themselves. “Beat that, Ozzy!” the drunk rock star cried out boastfully, before he let the fish drop to the floor. An embarrassed Ina picked the slippery fish up, examining it for bite marks before returning it to the water and apologising to the crowd. She tried to keep up with the rock star who’d staggered out of the mansion. She pulled him to the bus before he could make any more scenes. “**Bollocks!** We’ve got a flat! ” an exasperated Ina exclaimed. “Better call a tow truck.” she decided, not realizing he’d wandered off. “Oh, bother!” she cried out, forgetting about the tow truck and running after the man as he almost staggered into the path of a speeding car!

Chapter 16

Cameo by Matt Smith as the cab driver.

"I'll take care o' the bus later. Come along. As yer new manager, it's my duty to get ya home safely...by hirin a cab." she declared, pulling him along as she motioned to a taxi to stop. "Ruchill park. An' Step on it. I think he's about to hurl!" she ordered. "No, wait,no...we need to stop off somewhere else first." the drunk rock star interrupted, choking back vomit. "Where?" a confused Ina asked.

"You've gotta be kiddin me. Are ya tryin to get us killed?" she asked, staring out at the artificial snow-covered apartment building. "No, I'm not. I'm fightin for my love!" he proclaimed bravely, struggling to open the door. "No, yer not! Get o'er er, man! Move on! Yer gonna get beaten up by his goons!" she tried to talk some

sense into him, yanking him by his leather sleeve, trying to pull him away from the door. "Let im go. You've gotta risk it for love, mate! " the spritely cab driver suddenly spoke up, egging him on, on overhearing their conversation. "Excuse me...But, no-one asked ya, kay?! " she reprimanded the nosy man. "Oi! Don't be mean to im. This young man's obviously been in love an' had his heart broken by a pretty lass too, eh? " he scolded her. The cab driver nodded in agreement. "Obviously how he ended up as a cab driver too! " she muttered. "Oi! A cab driver has feelings too, ya know? " the hurt cab driver cried out, overhearing her. "Stuck in a cab with two o' the most sensitive men on this planet." she grumbled, with a roll of her eyes. "D'you have a mint, by the way, lad? My breath smells fishy! " he asked. "Of course, I do, sir! By the way, it's an honour to meet ya, sir! " the excited driver replied, handing him a mint from his pocket. "Oi! " she yelled out, as the drunk (yet, surprisingly quick) rock star popped the mint into his mouth, gave her the slip and jumped outta the cab. "Good luck! " the cab driver called out after him! "This is all yer fault for eggim on! Just for that, yer not gettin any fare! " she scolded him, before running after the stubborn rock star to stop him from doing anything stupid. "Bloody fare dodger! " the driver cussed under his breath. "Well, at least I met *The Scottish Fetish*! Wait until the boys at the pub hear about this! " he thanked his stars, before

starting his cab and driving off into the night, continuing on his way to pick up passengers.

Chapter 17

“This was a bad day to wear a sleeveless dress. How come it’s freezing ere? What’s he got...Like, *outdoor air conditioning* or somethin?! ” a shivering Ina exclaimed in disbelief, as she walked and he staggered across the snow covered driveway leading to the apartment. It was late at night and the lights in the Fletchers’ window were switched off. The couple had gone to bed. And so had the guards ,Ina presumed since they were nowhere to be seen- A good sign. At least they wouldn’t be tackled to the ground by muscular men for trespassing on the posh property! “Well, with the dough he’s got, I’m sure he can afford all the latest tech. D’you know he launched his very own *socket* from Cape *Cadaver* last *gear*? ” he replied, drunkenly mixing up his words. “D’you mean to say- He launched his very own **rocket** from Cape **Canaveral** last **year**? ” she

corrected, scrunching up her face to make sense of what he meant. "Aye! That's what I said, didn't I?" he argued, impatiently. "Great. I'm now in charge o' deciphering drunk talk!" she muttered, sarcastically. "What d'you intend to do now?" she asked, hesitantly. "I figured I'd write my name in the snow, perhaps leave behind a few cuss words for Mr. Fletcher!" he replied. "Ugh, no! Hold it in! What's it with ya an' pissin on people's properties?!" she thwarted his plan, stopping him before he could reach for his zipper! "Relax...I'm joshin around!" he snickered, wickedly. She heaved a sigh of relief, before noticing him pick up a heap of snow and roll it into a large snow ball. He threw it with all his might at the window of their apartment. "What're ya tryin to get their attention?! Don't....!" she tried to stop him from throwing anymore snowballs, but in vain. He was already on his third snowball when the light came on. She watched in horror as Mrs. Fletcher's drowsy face peeked out at them! "Oh my god! Luke, what're ya doin ere?!" she exclaimed. "C'mon down an' I'll show ya!" he replied, with a toothy grin. She came downstairs, reluctantly and after a lotta insistence from him.

Chapter 18

*And it's yours and it's mine
like the sun.*

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His face lit up on seeing her. She was still in her jammies, had dark circles under her eyes, was sans make up and her gorgeous locks were ruffled and covered in snowflakes (that were being showered on them by the numerous snow cannons placed on the roof and trees), but she still managed to look beautiful, especially in the moonlight, and Ina felt herself grow hot with jealousy on observing her beauty! “We should get goin. He’s pissed as a newt an’ not in his senses, right now. S..sorry for wakin ya, Mrs. Fletcher.” she apologized. “Pissed as a newt, am I? Well, how am I still able to pull **this** off, then?!” he asked, before pulling Sylvia close to him. She was taken aback, as was Ina, as he slowly leant in towards her, till they were face to face. She gripped his jacket collar, surprised by his sudden gesture. The women waited with bated breath to see what he was up to. *Have I told ya lately that I love ya? Have I told ya there’s no-one else above ya?* Ina watched in speechless wonder, as the romantic rock star began to serenade a wide eyed Sylvia who loosened her grip on his collar as he began to sing and unconsciously lowered her cold palms to his warm chest, while he wrapped his arms around her waist and tenderly pulled her closer. *Feel my heart with gladness! Take away all my....* he continued, as Sylvia smiled on amusingly, forgetting all about her husband and the consequences there’d be if he caught them. *Sadness?* she completed

, playing along on realizing he'd forgotten the lyrics. *Ease my troubles, that's what ya do!* he finished, before passing out, toppling her in the process. “**An’ down we go! Oof!**” she exclaimed, finding it hard to control her laughter, as an embarrassed Ina helped to pull him off her. “Mind givin me a hand with drunk Rod Stewart ere?” Ina asked, struggling to hold the unconscious man up all by herself. “Let’s get im back to the bus before anyone sees us.” Sylvia offered, shaking artificial snow outta her hair, before putting one of his limp arms around her neck. He groaned as they dragged him back to the park. “For a skinny boy, he’s pretty heavy!” an observant Ina complained, while Sylvia chuckled at her observation.

Chapter 19

“Ya know ya could stick around, Mrs. Fletcher....for once.” Ina suggested, patting at the empty space next to her on the couch on the bus. “At least for a beer. He won’t notice if we raid his mini fridge.” she offered, noticing Sylvia’s hesitant expression. “Fine. But I’m not sittin there. We did **it** a lot....on that couch.” she muttered, instead sitting on the chair next to it. Ina scrunched up her face in disgust, before quickly wiping her hand with her hanky!

” I know that look. An’ I’m not tellin ya a thing, kay?
” Sylvia read her mind, before taking a sip of chilled beer. “What d’you mean? ” Ina asked, shooting her a confused look, as if denying whatever it was that Sylvia thought was on her mind. “Yer obviously thinkin about askin me personal stuff, how he an’ I met, what’s the nature o’ our relationship an’ what not. You’ll print it

all in yer tabloid or yer magazine an' that'll be the end o' his career....An' my husband's too. I'm not tellin ya a thing. Luke's worked too hard, for me to go ahead an' ruin everythin! I don't feel comfortable about it." she refused to talk. "Don't worry. I won't print it. I give ya my word, Mrs. Fletcher. I just wanted to know when all **this** started, ya know? I'm just curious." Ina promised. "I'm not sayin anythin, unless ya put that dictaphone away." a careful Sylvia ordered, spotting the dictaphone she'd clutched in her hand. She watched closely as the young journo put it aside and began her story:

Even from his perch at the bar opposite the hotel, Luke obviously could see my bored face as I accompanied that boastful man across the lawns , meetin and greetin all his posh friends! He rambled on obviously about business stuff, while I just hung around as mere arm candy, smiling that polite, sweet smile o' mine. He could never bear to see me bein bored to death, so after finishing his cocktail, he snuck into the posh party. He found me all alone. Tom was busy indulged in business talk with some ol codgers. They later headed off to the nearby golf course. "So, ya wanna get outta ere? " he asked. I was surprised on seein him, but tempted by his offer. I was even more surprised when he grabbed me by the hand an' we began to run. We stopped only till we reached the beach. "Luke..." I uttered, in disbelief on seeing me. "I was doin a show..." he explained, once I was done panting. "...An' also rescuin

bored women! ” he joked. I let out a laugh. “I missed ya! ” I whispered, taking him by surprise as I hugged him and buried my face into his jacket to cry. ” The only woman I know who laughs at my jokes, however lame they are! An’ right now, she’s crying in my arms.” I heard him mutter. He lifted my chin up to face him, before wiping my tearful eyes, muttering how beautiful I looked in the glistening moonlight. After I’d calmed down, we walked down the beach, exchanging insulting stories about my, well according to him, my **twat o’ a husband**. “He hasn’t changed a bit, ya know? He’s still that boastful jerk. D’you know some o’ his business associates challenged him to a game o’ golf tonight...An’ he actually accepted! Imagine that...playin golf in the dark! ” I recounted, with a nod of disbelief. “Aye! They’ll be searchin for that ball all night! ” he quipped. “That means...we’ll have the rest o’ the night to ourselves, Luke. Just you an’ me...” I whispered seductively, raising myself on my tiptoes and planting a kiss on the corner o’ his mouth. “Sylvie, I...” he began to speak, hesitantly. “We haven’t had an intimate moment together in years, Luke. D’you know what he was doin on our weddin night?” I interrupted him. “I can guess it wasn’t makin love to ya? ” he replied, without a clue. “He was negotiatin with some businessmen from Japan o’er the phone.” I revealed, my eyes revealed anger at the memory. He burst into uncontrollable laughter. I shot daggers at him. “I’m sorry....I just can’t wrap my head around....**seriously?!**” he exclaimed in disbelief. He

stopped laughing on noticing my hurt look. "I'm sorry. It's just that....fools who choose work o'er the love o' a beautiful woman deserve to be laughed at." He whispered apologetically, before pulling me closer and planting a passionate kiss on my lips. *I didn't pull away and instead deepened the kiss.*

"Oh, gosh! Look at the time! I've gotta get goin!" Sylvia exclaimed (jumping up like Cinderella once the clock had struck midnight!) once she'd finished her story, to an engrossed Ina's disappointment. "You'd better keep yer word!" she made Ina promise again, before leaving hurriedly. "Yer welcome for the beer, by the way! " Ina called out behind her. *Mum was right-Rich folks did lack manners!* Ina thought to herself, seeing the millionaire's wife leave without thanking her for the beer.

Chapter 20

The next morning:

“She told ya about our meeting, eh? ” he asked, picking up the dictaphone which she’d absent mindedly left on the couch. She’d spent the night there and was just rolling off the couch sleepily to make him a hangover cure. “Gimme that!” Ina exclaimed, grabbing at her precious dictaphone, but he held it outta her reach. She’d secretly recorded their conversation when Mrs. Fletcher had been lost in the story. He motioned to her to sit back down. “She left out a few things.” he muttered, before continuing where she’d left off:

Then, I caressed her hair and she dug her nails into my back, before pulling my jacket off and tossing it onto a sand dune. We made our way to her hotel room where we spent the night. The next thing I remember was me smoking a fag as I usually did after a night o’ passionate

lovemakin, an' er knockin it outta my mouth with a flick o' er fingers, remarkin- "That's a disgustin habit!" Then, she was gone. We went our separate ways. I continued on my tour, while she jetted off around the world with im—before we ended up together in Scotland.

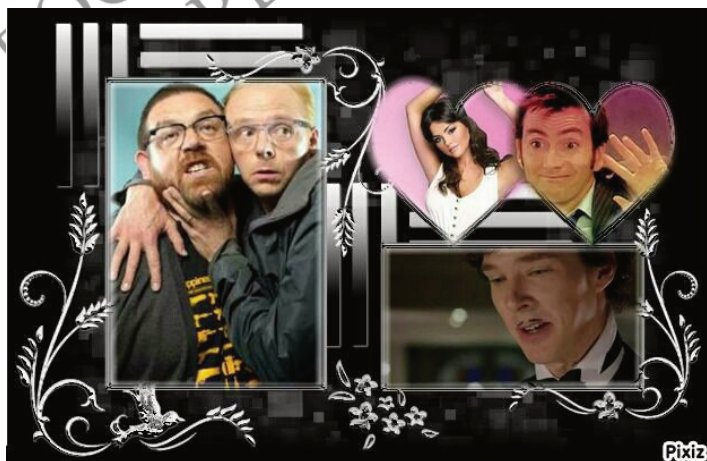
He finished, with a grin, obviously proud of the memory, as Ina listened intently. "She's got a nasty habit o' o'er-sharing. I guess I do too!" he remarked, before pressing the erase button on the dictaphone, to Ina's horror! "This stuff's personal. Can't trust anyone with it. Now, put it outta yer mind an' bring me my coffee, lass!" he ordered growlingly, before tossing the device aside.

Chapter 21

He smiled as he watched his young new manager fast asleep on the couch. They'd been half way around the Highlands an' it'd taken a toll on both of em. More on her than him! Even though he was the one who went up on stage and strummed till his fingers bled just to hear that sweet sound of applause from his million fans, but she had the most difficult task- getting him on stage! He'd been sulking the whole tour long and had been giving her a hard time, refusing to leave his trailer. He just felt unmotivated without Sylvia and he hated being away from her for such a long time. Meanwhile, Ina hated dealing with the restless crowd. She'd fallen fast asleep as soon as her head hit the couch cushion. Seeing her shiver a bit, he picked up a blanket from his bed before draping it over her. He lit a cigarette to keep himself warm, before deciding to call her. "Hey, sorry

for callin ya so late. Did I wake ya? ” he asked, hearing her drowsy voice on the other end. “Nah. Just watchin some borin show on Netflix.” she replied. “What’re ya wearin? ” he asked saucily, starting early with the dirty talk! “What’re **ya** wearin? ” the equally seductive Sylvia asked without replying to his question, deciding that two could play this game! “I’m nude! ” he lied, with a grin. “Oh! Well, I’m... the opposite...wearin PJs! ” she exclaimed, letting out a chuckle on hearing him cuss in disappointment. “Who’re ya talkin to? Yer mystery man? ” he heard a suspicious Tom interrupt. “Mystery man....who? It was....uh...Just, uh....my friend Stella, love ” he heard her whisper. “It’s late. Get yer arse in bed, eh? ” he heard him order in a rude manner, before the phone went dead. He decided to call her again a few minutes later, hoping she had decided to rebel against the rude bastard and stayed up. His expectations were met with disappointment, as **he** picked up. “Listen, whoever ya are, you’d better stop contactin my wife....**or I’m gonna hunt ya down, ya hear?!** ” Tom threatened, not recognizing his voice, but still furious on hearing it, realizing his wife had lied to him.

Chapter 22



Cameos by:

Benedict Cumberbatch as Jesse Holmes

Nick Frost as Seamus McCoy

Simon Pegg as Danny Sylvester

The next day, the duo spent the day in the trailer.

The concert was canceled due to heavy rains. Finding nothing better to do, she decided to prod him about his personal life. "So, how'd ya two meet?" she asked, anxiously. "Wow...yer really not gonna let me off the hook without somethin for yer article, eh? Ok, I'll spill." he finally relented, (finding no escape from her) with a laugh and a reminiscing look in his eyes. He put off his cigarette in the ash tray before beginning his story:

I was an 18 year ol nobody workin at a record store. I'd just finished my shift, when my mate, Jesse Holmes, who frankly had it better, since his deep, sultry voice o'er the radio made women all o'er Scotland swoon! He was an RJ at the local radio station an' every evening we'd drop by the YMCA for a game o' billiards. If it were up to Jesse an' I, we'd probably play tennis or football, but thanks to our less athletic mates, Seamus McCoy an' Danny Sylvester, who'd always complain o' body aches when we brought up outdoor games, we stuck to billiards.... he rambled on, getting carried away by the good ol days.

"Is this story goin anywhere?" she interrupted. "Oi! D'you wanna hear it or not?" he asked. "Fine. Sorry. Continue...just hurry." she replied, impatiently. "Way to kill the moment!" he groaned, before continuing:

Anyway, we decided to go out for a beer after a tiring game o' billiards. But Jesse, the womanizer/smooth one among us, decided to drop by the YWCA next door. Back then, he had this French thing goin on, where he aped the French with his fake accent an' this thin mustache

he'd been growin to get the ladies...as if his voice wasn't enough! He brought out the wild side in all o' us good Christian boys. Anyway, I'd left the blokes to flirt with the innocent women, as I headed to the room from where the sound o' piano music wafted out. The pianist in me was intrigued. The intrigue was soon replaced by love. From her tiptoes to her lithe body to her beautiful face, **she** was perfection! Of course, she received the shock o' er life when she saw my lovestruck face pressed against the window and my longing eyes staring at her and she lost her balance. I ran to help her up as she struggled to stand. She grimaced, shifting off er left leg. "Hope ya didn't hurt yerself..." I hoped, helping er to a bench, as I took off her flat to examine her aching left foot. "Think she's sprained er ankle. Nothin a lil spray can't heal! I'm Seamus. Paramedic." my flirtatious friend introduced with a grin. "Sorry about my friend, mademoiselle. He's a bit o' a peepin Tom! " jerk Jesse teased, receiving a nudge from Danny who was always standin up for me an' couldn't stand Jesse's showy attitude. "Aye, I didn't mean to startle ya. Uhh...my apology would sound better if I knew yer name though..." I began to apologize. "One helluva pick-up line! " I heard Danny mutter to Jesse behind me, while Seamus snickered on hearing Dan. "I'm Sylvia O'Donnell." she replied, with a friendly smile, that meant she'd accepted my apology. "I'm Luke McDonald." I introduced, before I heard Jesse (who was rather upset o'er a missed opportunity) exclaim in disbelief- "I can't believe

that **bloody** line worked! ” We had to make a run for it though, once security found out we’d snuck in! I wouldn’t be meetin er until I bumped into er at the record store a few days later. I finally mustered up the courage to ask her out as she was browsin through Celine Dion albums. I dunno how we got along the whole time we were together. We learnt that we **didn’t** have a lot in common, on the first date itself! I loved heavy metal an’ rock an’ roll, she loved opera an’ love songs. She was rich, I was, uh...well off! She owned a stable full o’ horses an’ listed horse racing as one o’ er hobbies....An’ me? I was allergic to horses! An’ I still dunno how we ended up movin in together....or even got engaged!

Chapter 23

***Love can touch us one time,
And last for a life time,
And never let go till we're
gone..***

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"She was the woman who introduced me to chick flicks. Every Sunday night, she'd drag me off to the drive-in theatre to watch em. She enjoyed the chemistry between the actors, while I enjoyed the feel o' popcorn in my mouth...an' also, the soundtrack! I only watched *Singles* cuz o' its soundtrack. Here. My most prized possession." he reminisced, before handing her a cassette which he carefully removed from its hiding place. "The soundtrack o' *Titanic*?" she asked, looking up at him in surprise. "I'll always remember the day Sylvia gifted it to me." he recounted, while she listened intently:

*She looked beautiful, dressed only in one o' my ACDC tees, as she sultrily walked into the living room. I'd settled at the piano, playing a few tunes and figuring out the notes and chords to a song which I hoped was gonna be my ticket into the music industry. Still a struggling musician, waiting for my big break, I was stuck an' frustrated, but I lit up when she diverted my attention as she made herself comfy on my lap, straddling me an' wrapping her arms around my neck before planting a kiss on my lips. "Yer up early. I was hoping we'd cuddle some more." she whispered, seductively. "Cuddlin can wait, love. **This** is my career." I replied, tenderly pushing her ruffled hair off her face, revealing more o' her beautiful face, and the hickies on her neck. "Fine. But, every hard worker deserves a break." she whispered, as she made her way to the music player near the couch, pulling me along. I followed her*

hesitantly, watching as she rummaged through her jeans which she'd tossed on the couch the night before, in a fit o' passion. She pulled out the cassette, popping it into the player. "A lil anniversary gift, love." she whispered, moving closer as Celine Dion's voice wafted out. "Happy tenth anniversary, love." I greeted, wrapping my arms around her waist as we slow-danced around the living room. I felt the need to rack my mind for lyrics, to strum till my fingers bled just to find the right notes melt away when I was with her.

"See that hill o'er there? " he asked, pausing to pull the curtains aside once the rain had stopped, gesturing past the little houses and green meadows at the foot of a large steep hill. "Yeah? " she replied, anxious to hear more. "An' see that fancy mansion atop it? With the picket fence an' rose garden? That was our home. " he revealed, motioning to the mansion atop the misty hill. "Ya mean the Fletcher mansion? Ya don't mean to say **ya** lived there? " she enquired, cocking her head in confusion. "Aye! 10 years ago it used to be our home. Sylvie an' I moved in there after our wedding. It was her granddad's mansion an' he'd left it to er in his will. Of course, that was before that greedy twat Fletcher an' his son took it from us! " he recounted in anger. "What d'you mean...took it from y'all? " a confused Ina asked, keen to know more.

Chapter 24

He continued reminiscently, finally sharing his most cherished memories of their times together:

*She was standing bare feet on the manicured lawns, hanging up laundry on the clothesline, struggling as the clothes billowed in the wind. She let out a soft chuckle as I came up behind her, holding her by the waist and nuzzling the ticklish region on her neck. "Ya do know we've got a dryer, right?" I reminded teasingly, tucking in locks of her unruly, wind tussled hair as she turned around to face me. **That** was Sylvie for ya! Doin everythin the ol fashioned way! She may've been rich, but she sure preferred to act like a pauper! "Yer a sight for sore eyes, ya know that?" she whispered, standing tippy-toes to plant a kiss on the corner o' my mouth. "Speakin o' sore eyes ...look who's makin their way up the hill to talk ya into sellin our home. Twat Sr....an' his son, Twat Jr! "*

I exclaimed, turning her attention towards the familiar shiny Rolls Royce that made its way up the winding road and finally parked itself in front o' us and its occupants- the dastardly duo o' Fletcher Sr and Tommy the twat- stepped out. "I told ya...I'm not interested!" an irate Sylvie stood her ground, once they'd offered her an even large amount of money for the house. "I'm sorry...maybe the sum's too paltry, huh? Though, I wouldn't be so picky. Yer, uh, husband here, who, uh, prides himself on bein a musician, hardly makes any money!" Fletcher Sr insulted, looking me up and down with a haughty look. "Ya could do **so much** better!" Tommy the twat continued with a smug grin. "Ok, that does it!" I was taken aback, as she roared defensively, before launching herself at the twat! He fell back into the white linen an' they wrestled for quite a while. **She** landed most o'the punches to the sorry bastard! "Arentcha gonna do anythin?! Lettin yer wife fight for ya, coward!" his offensive father cried out in horror, while sneering at me. "Yer right...I should probably say somethin, eh? **Hit him harder, love!**" I egged on my brave Sylvie. I finally pulled her off im, since she seemed to be outta breath. We watched as the father-son duo tucked tail an' ran to the safety o' their air conditioned car. "The Rocky franchise. Initially, I watched the movies cuz o' the chemistry between Adrian an' Rocky...but, ya tend to pick up a few moves now an' then!" she confessed, explaining her fighting prowess on noticing my stunned expression.

*“Oh! Well....it really turned me on! ” I whispered saucily,
before pulling her closer and leaning in for a snog.*

Chapter 25

“So...did ya both drift apart?” Ina asked, intent on knowing more about their love story. “No. She cheated on me.” he replied gloomily (and to Ina’s disbelief), before continuing further:

” The mail’s ere, love! ” she exclaimed enthusiastically, bursting into the kitchen one morning with a bundle o’ letters and packages wrapped in brown paper. “Oooh...Shakespeare, eh? Doin a bit o’ light readin? ” I asked, snatchin and openin up a package from her hands, revealin a paperback copy o’ ‘Shakespeare’s sonnets’. I flipped through the book, before a fascinating one caught my eye, an’ before she could stop me, I was teasingly recitin-

***Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;***

*The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring!*

"I'm gonna find a poem with yer name in ere too, ya know! " she exclaimed with a blush, as she clamped a palm o'er my mouth an' snatched away her precious book.

"Besides, there's somethin far more important in ere...for **ya!** " she continued, before tearing open an envelope and reading enthusiastically from it. I almost choked on my cereal as I heard the sentence- **Opening act for Lynyrd Skynyrd at The Hammersmith Apollo.**

"Love, I'm so happy for ya! " she exclaimed. "An' this is yer way o' showin me yer happiness? Get that eyeliner away from me....**quit it!** " I ordered, as she forcibly sat me down in front o' the dressing table later . "This is what all the great rock stars wear, love! Ya need a makeover. **Out with the borin silk shirts an' in with the leather jackets!** " my stylish wife interrupted, ordering me to sit still as she

added her finishing touches... to make me look more like Ozzy Osbourne!

“It came as a shock to me when those divorce papers arrived, an’ then the news that she’d married that twat! I couldn’t believe she’d do **that to me!** Sure, I’d been away from her all those years, but she understood that this was my career. In fact, she’d promised me she’d wait for me....That even though, she was hesitant to leave her home in Scotland to globe trot with me, she’d wait for me....But, eventually I forgave er that night. The night I realised, I still loved er.” he finished narrating, leaving Ina teary eyed towards the end.

Chapter 26

Now you've
come back
here to say
you're sorry

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Suddenly there was a knock on the door. A lanky policeman with a friendly face greeted Ina as she opened the door. "Jesse?" the rock star exclaimed in disbelief from behind her on recognising his buddy, once the man of law had pulled down the hood of his macintosh as the rain slowly subsided. "That's Inspector Holmes to ya, ol boy!" he corrected, rather boastfully. "A real copper....or, ya know...A stripper?" he enquired teasingly, knowing what his womanizing friend was capable of! "A real one. Although Seamus strips at *The Tunnel* now. He's quite good at it too....I've heard. He's quite a hit during Christmas when he *works it as Bad Santa!*" Inspector Holmes recounted. "That's hard to imagine...since he was quite a poor dancer!" the wide eyed rock star exclaimed, before chuckling amusingly. "None o' that stuff for me. I'm a family man now. P.S. My daughter, Diana's a big fan o' yers. D'you mind...?" the handsome inspector revealed (much to an infatuated Ina's disappointment!), before tearing out a page from his notepad. "Sure! Anythin for an ol mate!" the joyful rock star declared, before willingly and proudly inscribing his signature and a special message for Diana on it. "So, ya both waitin it out ere, eh?" he asked, satisfyingly folding up the autographed paper and keeping it away safely in his pocket. "Aye...In fact, we were just talkin bout Mrs. Fletcher..." the nosy journo interrupted, desperate for more info from Jesse who knew her well too. "Oh! Mrs.

Fletcher....Ya mean, Sylvia? If I may say so, ya lost out on a great girl, mate! I wonder why ya ever let er go....” the inspector began to ramble, just as Ina had hoped! “Maybe, cuz she married my enemy, Tom the twat!” the annoyed rock star reminded, hurting at the memory. “Well, she didn’t marry im willingly...” Inspector Holmes interrupted him. “What d’you mean?” the clueless rock star enquired. “She didn’t tell ya, eh? She waited for ya to return, but ya didn’t. That one gig probably changed both yer lives! While ya were away playin gig after gig, her home was in danger o’ bein usurped by those **snakes**! Anyway, Tom forged a bunch o’ papers claiming that the mansion belonged to his family an’ forced er to marry im if she wanted to keep the house. She loathed ya for not replying to the millions o’ letters she sent askin for help and the phone calls too....but no-one can blame ya, right? I assured er that they probably got lost in all yer fan mail an’ whatnot, eh?” he narrated, before looking towards him for confirmation about the letters and phone-calls. He was silent, before replying in the negative. “Aye, I got em....but, I just couldn’t leave, Jesse! I...I...had all those concerts, mate!” he defended himself. His friend was shocked to hear the truth.

“Ya didn’t deserve er! In fact, I don’t think I wanna be friends with someone who’s so selfish that he’d put his needs before his loved ones! By the way, I was gonna let this slide, cuz yer my mate an’ all....but, ere’s a

ticket for that broken taillight.....**mate**. Better pay it up quickly.” he muttered through clenched teeth, tearing out a page from his notepad and handed it to him, before heading back to his car, nodding his head in disappointment along the way.

“I hope yer happy. Ya got yer story! ” the ashamed rock star muttered, glugging down his umpteenth beer, as he sat on the couch and looked down at the floor with dejected eyes that were slowly tearing up. “Ya can still change things! Get er back! That’s why I suggested that ya two grab a bite together...to talk. That’s all it takes! Talk it out, apologise, tell er yer true feelings for er! Don’t hide anythin! Confess yer true feelins for er. Maybe, she’ll take ya back! ” the hopeful girl suggested. “Aye...that is, if she still loves me...an’ I don’t think it’s possible to love someone as stupid an’ selfish as **me**! Someone who’s so blind that he was unable to see her true love. I let er marry that rich twat! ” he argued, not looking up from the floor as he spoke. “Just give it a try, kay? ” she whispered, squeezing his shoulder comfortingly.

Chapter 27

He'd just returned from the tour. His young manager had headed home for the night, while he sat alone on his bed, carefully tuning his guitar. He examined it, standing it up next to the messy bedside table which was strewn with sheets and sheets of music. He reached in for a nighttime snack- rummaging through the open packet of crisps lying next to him on the bed. He was about to bite in, when he heard a knock on the door.

"Thought I spotted yer bus." Sylvia exclaimed, grinning at him as he opened the door. "Wanna hop on for a snack? " he invited, happy to see her familiar face. "Oh...I wanna hop on for **more** than just a snack!" she replied lustfully, before lunging at him and kissing him passionately. He struggled to breathe as she deepened the kiss, while she struggled with the zipper of his

jacket. She slammed the bedroom door behind them. All that could be heard was the unzipping of clothes which were then tossed aside, the crash of the newly strung guitar as they bumped into it, and the crunching of crisps (he'd forgotten to put the packet aside) as they rolled about in bed, kissing, writhing and moaning with pleasure.

"Ya really need to clean up in ere if ya expect me to come ere more often. Those bloody crisps kept diggin into my back!" she complained after their night of passion, before teasingly tossing the crumpled empty packet at the hickey covered rock star. She was buttoning up her blouse and preparing to leave when he gathered up the courage to ask- "Sylvie...would ya like to have dinner with me?" "Dinner? Didn't we just have dessert?" she replied cheekily, chuckling at her own lame joke. She stopped, when she noticed his serious expression. "It's just that...I'd like to take ya out to a proper dinner, ya know? Yer always complainin bout how **he's** always on the phone whenever yer out at a restaurant." he insisted. She was silent "Remember the time he took ya out to that sushi bar on Valentine's day an' ya didn't realize he was actually meetin a bunch o' Japanese businessmen for dinner there until ya got there..." he began to remind. "...An' I found myself smack dab in the middle o' a bloody business meeting in the middle o' *Nippon Kitchen*....worst dinner ever!" she continued, frowning at the memory. She felt a smile

creep on her face as she felt his hand squeeze hers and she remembered the night she'd confided in him about it and he'd been her shoulder to cry on. "**Oh...what the hell!** I'll do it! Tomorrow night, 8 pm. At *Cail Bruich*...we haven't been there in a long time.....an' don't be late!" she finally agreed, turning back to look at him, before he took her by surprise- pulling her back down on the bed beside him! "Yer a real insistent man, ya know that?" she whispered teasingly, resting her head on the pillow as she faced him, running her fingers through his hair as she spoke. "Seconds, m'lady?" he whispered seductively, before leaning in to kiss her and unbutton her blouse. She squealed with laughter, letting herself sink into the soft mattress without a care in the world, as the romantic rock star showered every part of her with ticklish, pleasurable kisses.

Chapter 28

“Wow! Ya look spectacular!” Ina cooed, as the smartly dressed man checked himself out in the mirror in her bedroom. She’d offered to let him try on some suits for the date since all he owned were leather jackets, leather pants and black clothes that she’d only seen cat burglars wear! “I look ridiculous! An’ this blazer’s too itchy! Might I ask who owned this shitty suit?” the unimpressed rock star enquired, fidgeting with his sleeves as he spoke. “It was my dad’s.” she replied, her voice just a whisper. “Oh...sorry...actually, I think it looks pretty good...it’s, **spectacular!**” he corrected himself, noticing a tear roll down his hurt manager’s cheek. “Here. Try this on.” she ordered, regaining her composure as she handed him a purple tie. Her mum passed by with the laundry as Ina stood tippytoes to help him with his tie. “He looks like a proper

gentlemen. Less like the weirdo from yer posters, love.” the equally impressed woman exclaimed, looking him over as she peeked inside the room. “What d’you know bout proper gentlemen, eh, mum? You’ve only dated proper arseholes! ” Ina retorted, coldly. The hurt woman said nothing, instead pressing down the pile of dirty clothes in the hamper before continuing on her way. “Ya know, ya shouldn’t talk to yer mum like that.” he reprimanded her, completing his look as he wore the cufflinks she’d placed on the dressing table. “Yer lucky, ya even have yer mum around.” she heard him mutter. “I don’t mean to....but, I tell ya, she’s got the worst taste in men! I just care bout er, I guess. Anyway....tell me bout yer mum.” the journalist in her came to life, as she began to enquire curiously. “She was **the** best person. I adored er! In fact, she would’ve loved Sylvie....probably would have given me a whack behind my head and put me in my place if I’d dared divorce er! She an’ my dad argued a lot. He was a drunk, he hit her a lot...hit me too...an’ one day, he hit er so hard, he killed er! I ran away from home an’ I never looked back....” he recounted in a sombre manner, but was interrupted as Troy announced his arrival with a loud burp. They prepared to leave, since she wanted to avoid a conversation with the loathsome man. “Wish I could’ve asked yer boyfriend to stay o’er for dinner....but, I’ve eaten it all!” he mocked, as she rolled her eyes at him. “Did ya wipe out an entire six pack

while ya were at it too? ” she muttered, noticing his bloodshot eyes. “Ok, smart arse....Try to use protection, eh? ” he jeered in a tone as if indicating that she was a trollop, before sneering at the rock star. “Get yer mind outta the gutter, ya arsehole! ” she cried out, angrily. “Don’t turn yer back on me, young lady! I’m speakin to ya an’ I deserve respect, ya hear?! I’m yer dad! ” he yelled drunkenly, before catching hold of her hand. “Yer not my dad! Yer just a soddin drunk who hurts mum when I’m not around! Don’t think I haven’t noticed her scars an’ bruises. Now, let go o’ my hand! ” she ordered, struggling against his tightening grip. “Let her go, or else...” the concerned rock star came to her aid. He let go, leaving a bruise on her wrist, before turning on him. “How dare ya?! Threatening me in my own house?! ” Troy growled. “Ya know, I was too afraid to hit my dad...but, I think I can muster up the courage to punch yer daylight out! ” the annoyed rock star threatened, swinging at the cussing man with all his might. He landed a hard one on the side of his face and Ina’s mum (who’d arrived on hearing the commotion) watched in horror as the unconscious man slumped against the wall. She stood still and Ina swore she saw a hint of a smile on her mum’s face. “An’ for the record, it’s not **yer** house. It’s my **dad’s**! ” Ina corrected, kicking him one last time in the ribs. “Good shot! ” she praised him, as she hurried outside. He followed her with an ice pack pressed against his

aching knuckles. “Well, I learnt from the best! ” he bragged, referring to Sylvia.

Chapter 29

She hurried over to the posh restaurant, as soon as she got his call. She pushed past the gathered paparazzi to enter and found him sitting by himself, playing around with the salt and pepper shakers. She smiled amusingly, as the goofy rock star was engrossed in moving them around while making Dalek cries with his mouth. “Ya came! ” he exclaimed, on seeing her, embarrassingly returning the shakers back to their original positions on the table. “Ya could’ve dressed up better though.” he muttered, looking at the gown she’d worn. “Oi! This is my prom dress, kay? It’s the only fancy dress I own. I’m not much o’ a shopper. ” she defended. “Couldn’t ya dress yer age? Borrowed somethin from yer mum? ” he asked, as she took a seat across from him. “Who died an’ made ya *king o’ fashion*, eh? Besides, most o’ mum’s dresses would only look good on yer slutty groupies!

" an insulted Ina replied, tossing her clutch onto the table. "Fine. Don't get yer knickers in a twist! Ya look pretty...An' thanks for comin." he thanked, with a roll of his eyes. "Of course, I did. I'm yer manager. I'm sorta gettin a hang o' this job...An' also, it's partly my fault that ya got stood up! " she said apologetically, feeling guilty about the love of his life not showing up. He didn't say a word and instead looked out at the crowd of photogs with their cameras pressed against the glass doors of the restaurant to click away. "I'm just worried about what they might write. They somehow got wind o' it that I was gonna dine with Sylvie. They've been ere since I arrived an' I know they're growing suspicious about er not showin up." he whispered, worryingly. "I'm usually not the one who gets stood up. Goin by what the tabloids have been writin about me, I'm the one who stands women up an' breaks their hearts. **This** changes everything. I can't be the rock star who got a taste o' his own medicine, ya know? It'll ruin my *rebellious bad boy* image." he continued, with a frown. "That's why I'm ere." she whispered, reaching out to comfort him. He pulled his arm away as she stretched out her arm, placing it over his. "What d'you think yer doin?!" he asked. "Just go with it." she whispered, beckoning to him to come closer. She kissed him passionately as he did! "Always wanted to try that!" a grinning Ina exclaimed, pulling away. "Ugh! Ya made me seem paedophilic right then!" he cried out in disbelief,

wiping off the lipstick smear she'd left behind on his lips during their kiss. "At least those vultures'll have somethin to write bout..." she muttered, turning his attention to the satisfied reporters who'd begun to leave. "I think the word yer lookin for is *thanks*, mate!" she suggested with a pleased grin. "Thanks." he whispered with a grateful smile, before treating her to a sumptuous meal. *Scottish Fetish spotted kissing mystery woman* was the headline that made it to the front page the next day!

Chapter 30



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The dark clouds had parted and it was a sunny day. “Oooh! Fancy a popsicle?” he asked, ecstatic as a child on spotting the ice cream truck drive past. Ina giggled, as he hurried to it without waiting for an answer. She’d made herself comfy, leaning against the side of the bus which was parked in its usual spot, when she spotted Mrs. Fletcher making her way towards her. She frowned, remembering his heartbroken face from the night before when she’d stood him up. He’d noticed her too. She thought he’d hold a grudge against her too, but was taken aback as he waved at her.

“I got ya one too. They only had cherry flavored popsicles...” he exclaimed, handing Ina her treat as he returned. “Oh!” Sylvia seemed sad on hearing that. “But...I bribed a kid for the last lime flavored popsicle. Ere, I know how much ya love the lime ones.” he revealed, flashing her a charming smile, as he handed her the frozen treat he’d hidden behind his back. “That’s so sweet o’ ya!” she exclaimed, lighting up and hugging him.

Ina had only begun licking her popsicle, when they began Frenching up a storm! “Well, I’m off popsicles!” she exclaimed in disgust, letting it drop to the floor, as they continued kissing. She watched the couple, in disbelief. She was even more surprised at the rock star’s behaviour. She’d hoped he’d be angry at her for leaving him in the lurch, but it seemed like all was forgiven and he was even **more** in love with her now! “Ya know,

I really should apologize for not showing up last night. I wanted to...but **he** was growing suspicious by the minute...an' I was afraid his goons were gonna follow me to the restaurant, an' then all hell would break loose!" she pulled back from their passionate embrace to apologise. She looked deep into his eyes, caressing his hair as she whispered- "I couldn't let anything happen to ya, Luke. I really l..." He was anxious to hear more, to hear her say that she still loved him, but she was cut short. "**Oi!** Ya can't go in there!" a frantic and sudden cry from Ina (who was guarding the door) interrupted her.

"**No! Please, let him go!** " Sylvia screamed, as the door swung open and a fuming Tom entered with his goons. The burly men lost no time in beating him up mercilessly on Tom's orders. "Tom...**please...I...I love him!** " she pleaded, squirming as her husband held her back as she tried to break the fight up.

"You...**what?!** I knew it! I had my suspicions...but, to hear it from your own mouth...! We're done! " he growled, slapping her across the face and sending her crashing to the floor. He motioned to his goons to stop, kicking the rock star one last time in the ribs, before storming off and slamming the door behind him. She crawled towards the bruised and bloodied rock star who was sprawled across the floor and cradled his head in her lap as he coughed up blood, leaving bloodstains all over her once spotless dress. "Luke...I'm so sorry...He

hurt ya...” she whispered apologetically, sobbing uncontrollably. He shushed her in a comforting manner, stretching out a trembling hand to brush off strands of unruly hair from her face. She looked at him in wonder as he made no great deal about what had occurred, instead hearing him whisper – “Sticks an’ stones may break my bones, love...” – before he passed out in her arms.

Chapter 31

**Cameos by Lorna Raver as Dora, the housekeeper
Alex Kingston as the nurse.**

He woke up in the hospital. His blurry vision caught a glimpse of her slightly bruised face as she prepared to leave. The drowsy rock star rubbed his eyes to see her clearly. Her eyes were puffy from all the crying and a band aid covered the spot where she'd hit her temple when her enraged husband had thrown her to the floor like a rag doll. "Yer leavin?! Where're ya goin?" he asked, in disbelief as she started walking towards the door, turning her back on him. "I hope yer not goin back to **him**...not after all that happened!" he continued, receiving no reply from her. "I've some unfinished business." she finally declared in a serious tone, turning towards him to speak. "What d'you mean...*unfinished business*? Ya sound like a mob boss right now, ya know

that? ” he enquired, in a clueless and hesitant manner. “Just somethin I’ve to do. I’ll be right back, love.” she whispered, before opening the door. “Ya can’t leave me with **her!** I think she only inserted a catheter in me cuz she wanted me to take my pants off!” he called out after her, glancing nervously at the red haired nurse standing beside him. “Oh...believe me, it was **necessary!** Hope yer ready for yer shot now...**sexy!** ” the flirty nurse whispered with a mischievous wink, readying a syringe as she spoke. He turned to Sylvia for help, but she’d already left.

“Where are ya takin me? I brought coffee.” an equally clueless Ina asked, as the hurrying woman dragged her along. “I’ve gotta go back to the apartment...to pick up my stuff. ” she replied, as she hired a taxi. “I’m guessin it’s a lotta luggage, that ya need my help for it, eh? ” Ina guessed, as they got into the vehicle.

The billionaire’s God fearing housekeeper answered the door. “**Ya!** Ya should be ashamed! D’you know what ya did to im?! Mr. Fletcher’s been drinkin like a fish!” she spat, raising her voice at her former employer. “Dora, who is it?” a voice enquired, before a bloodshot eyed Tom appeared at the door. “**You!** I thought it was clear that we were done! You’re not to show up here again, d’you hear?! ” he shouted slurringly, recklessly swinging the liquor bottle he held in his hand as he spoke. “I’m only ere to pick up my stuff.” she replied, calmly. “An’ where are ya gonna keep it? On his bus?

His teeny tiny cramped bus? ” the drunk man mocked, blocking her entry. “Get outta my way, Tom.” she ordered through clenched teeth. “Or what? Yer gonna break my heart...again? ” he demanded, before breaking into a mocking laugh. “No...but, I’m gonna break yer smug face! ” she muttered, before landing a hard punch to his nose. Stunned and bleeding, he collapsed to the floor. Ina watched as the contents of the bottle and his broken, bloody nose emptied on to the carpet on which the unconscious man lay. “Yer not allowed...!” Dora began to protest their entry into the apartment. “Save it, Dora! Dontcha have a carpet to clean?” an impatient Sylvia interrupted, silencing the ageing maid before proceeding to collect her belongings with an impressed Ina in tow.

Chapter 32


all of the things that I want to say
just aren't coming out right...

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She woke up, yawned and frowned on seeing the empty space beside her. She strolled into the drawing room of their old home to find him sitting at the piano sifting through the mail. "Can ya believe it?! It's finally ere! The big book o' duets that I ordered is finally ere! " he exclaimed on seeing her. "I know. I can see it right there, resting on the piano, love! " she exclaimed, matching his enthusiasm. "Is that my shirt? " he asked, his jaw almost dropping to the floor, on noticing that she only had on an oversized silk shirt. "Yup! I think it suits me better. Dontcha agree? " she teased, seductively sitting on his lap before pushing up his chin to shut his gaping mouth! "Aww...geez! Look at this! " he suddenly turned his attention to the tabloid that fell out from beneath the pile of letters. "The rock star who broke up a marriage?! Whoa! The gall o' these people! " he had a hurt look on his face as he read the insulting headline. "Love....let it go. It's just a stupid tabloid." she comforted. "Yer right. They've written far worse stuff about me before....An' that didn't bother me much! " he muttered, tossing the paper aside as she wrapped her arms around his neck and leant in to kiss him. "An' I think that ya did a brilliant job o' breakin up that marriage. The man I'm with now is a much better kisser! " she whispered, breaking into a toothy grin before kissing him. "So...D'you wanna resume that piano lesson we started ten years ago? " he asked, flashing his own toothy grin as she sat next to him on

the piano bench and he placed an arm around her waist to pull her closer. "Oh...no! I'm bloody awful at playin instruments! How about you play an' I'll sing! " she replied, with a twinkle in her eye, before energetically bursting into an off-key rendition of You and me by Lifehouse. "Ow! Right in my ear! Oh, for Chrissakes, I think ya should stick to dancin, love!" he advised teasingly, as she continued to sing just to annoy him/ give him a earache!

Chapter 33



**It's over and done with
x8**

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<https://thescottishfetish.pressbooks.com/?p=101>

“Hope I’m not interruptin anythin! ” Ina exclaimed, poking her head in while flashing the couple a silly grin. “How can we repay ya for helpin us get our home back? Ya know, we should thank yer cousin Joel. He’s the one who proved that those papers were forged by that greedy bastard. Where is he anyway? ” Sylvia asked, anxious to thank the young lawyer. “He had another case an’ he was sorta, uh...arrested for contempt o’ court! In fact, I’m on my way to bail im out right now. But I thought I’d drop these off first.” she replied, flashing them a pleased smile as she pulled out a stack of newspapers and magazines from her satchel. They all carried the same headlines on their front pages- *House of respected billionaire raided. Millions in black money and falsified documents found!* “Did **ya** do this...? ” the surprised rock star enquired, widening his eyes as he browsed through the papers. “Aye! When we were at his apartment yesterday, I did my own snoopin around...an’ I hit the jackpot! I sent in a pile of his *dirty laundry* to a reputed news agency, an’ the rest is history! ” she boasted. “Aww..I should give ya a kiss, lass! **C’mere!** ” he exclaimed with a wide grateful grin, before pulling her in for a bone-crushing hug! “That was one helluva hug! I’m gonna regret doin any more favors for ya!” a red faced Ina joked, once she’d successfully freed herself from his embrace!

THE END

Thanx for readin?

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You can read & download her works here as well:

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